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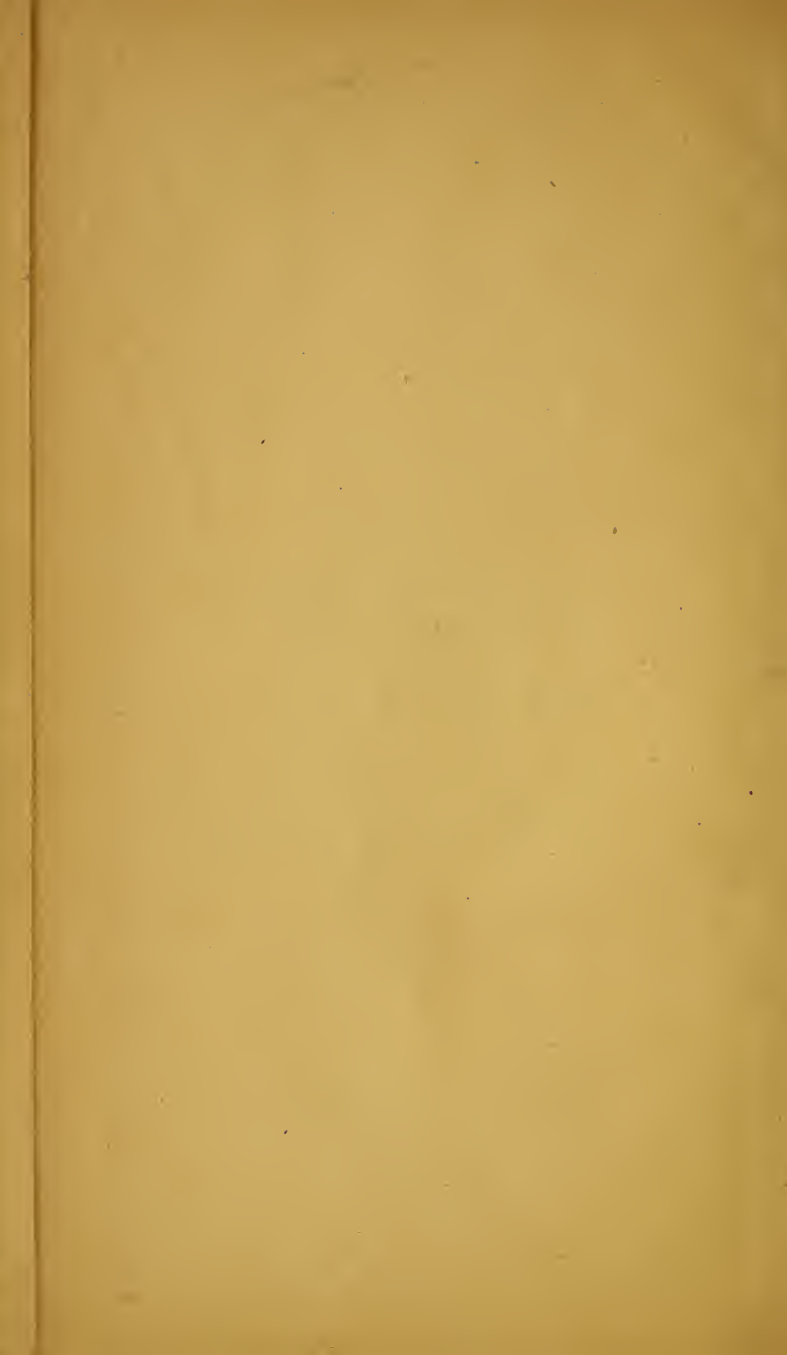
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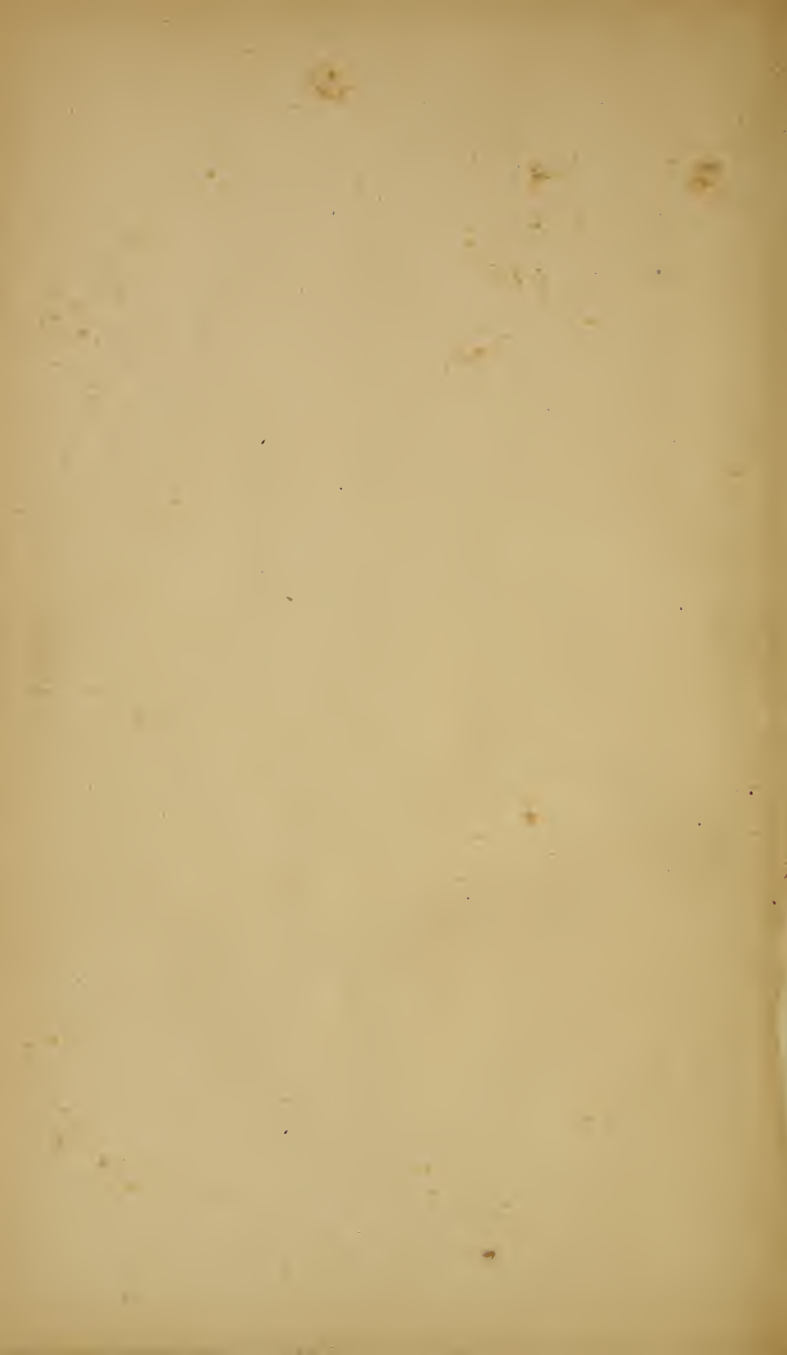
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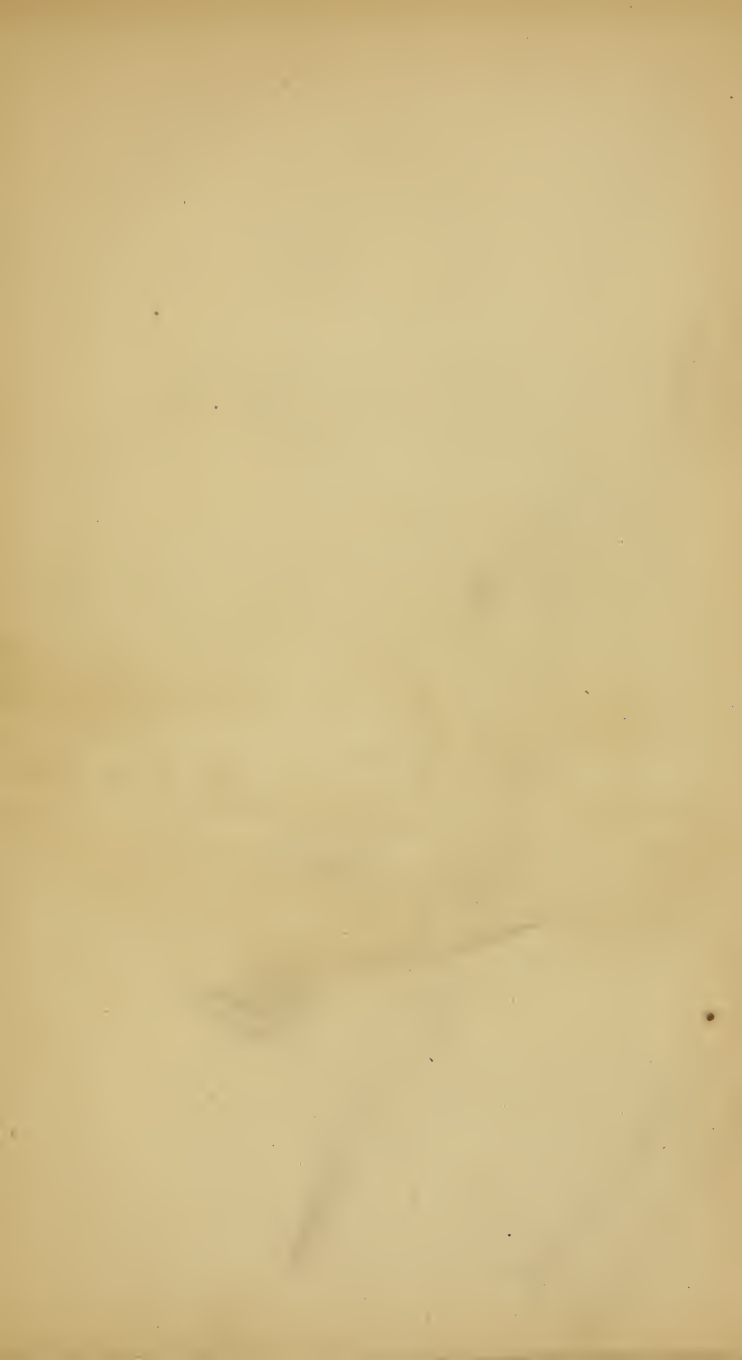




THE SACRED SEAL,

OR

THE WANDERER RESTORED.





*"Then round the Ancestral Mansion they renew
The loves of life, and quaff its Nectar dew;
Pour smiles of gladness, o'er the brow of Age,
And win his blessing, ere he quits the stage:—*

see page 66.

THE
SACRED SEAL;
OR
THE WANDERER RESTORED,
A POEM:

✓
BY REV. N. EMMONS JOHNSON.
"



NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. TAYLOR & CO.
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1843.

✓

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CONTENTS.

Hints to the Reader,	vii
--------------------------------	-----

SCENE I. 9

PARIS—Soliloquy of the Hero upon entering a gambling establishment—His name—Engaged in play—A little too successful—An attempt at Suicide by the one who has lost by him—Sudden movement by our Wanderer—A speech on Suicide—The way it is received—His departure.

SCENE II. 15

LONDON—The Skeptical Instinct—The Infidel Club—Lincoln Gray—Why is he among Infidels?—Skeptical expertness of Gray—Two o'clock—The Mock Sacrament—Convulsive movement of the Wanderer—A Speech described—Hallucination—An Hour of Terror—Gray's farewell to Skepticism.

SCENE III. 22

BORODINO—Night of the Battle—The Battle Field—Napoleon—The Dying Soldier—Beware Lincoln Gray—Rough Greeting—Daring Declamation of Gray—Effect on Napoleon.

SCENE IV. 29

MOSCOW—Lincoln Gray views the burning of Moscow from a deserted palace near the city—Moscow apostrophized by Gray, on the supposition that it was burned by the order of Rotopschin, the Russian Governor—The entrance of the Grand Army—Commencement and progress of the flames—Philosophic reflections of Gray on the career of Napoleon—Great distress of Lincoln Gray.

SCENE V. 36

THE PIRATE ISLAND—A secluded valley—Lincoln Gray accused—Defence and Defiance—Contest and Escape—A terrible catastrophe.

SCENE VI. 45

CHANNEL OF MOZAMBIQUE—The Storm and the Slaver—An hour before daybreak—Don Liugo—State of matters in the hold—Story of Loango and Almeda—The deck—Lincoln Gray.

SCENE VII. 50

PETRA—Apostrophe to Idumea—Conscience—Sleep—Dream of the Wanderer—Waking reflections of Gray—The Wanderer converted.

SCENE VIII. 57

PALESTINE—Its associations to a young believer—The Wanderer's Hymn—Interruption—The Apostate—Farewell to Palestine.

SCENE IX. 63

NEW ENGLAND—The Patriarch—The Power of Faith—Thanksgiving—The Supper—Return of Lincoln Gray.

SCENE X. 70

MASSACHUSETTS—The Patriarch—The Baptism—The Explanation and Charge—Death of the Patriarch—Address of the Pastor.

Notes. 77

HINTS TO THE READER.

THE AUTHOR, being aware that two important inquiries will naturally suggest themselves to the reader in the perusal of the Poem, desires to give them a partial answer in this place and form. The first is, "What is the main design of the Poem?" The second is, "In what respects is the Hero of the Poem adapted for its accomplishment?"

The chief object of the Poem is to illustrate the value and efficiency of the ordinance of Household Consecration. This ordinance of the Church was founded upon the COVENANT made with Abraham in behalf of his posterity. This covenant rests upon the first principles of the family constitution and upon the powerful purposes of redemption. After the death and resurrection of our Lord its glorious provisions were extended to every family in every nation. It has come down to our own age and will exert its influence upon all generations to come. The rite of Baptism is now the seal of that same covenant of which circumcision was, in the years before the Christian era. Hence the title of the Poem, "THE SACRED SEAL."

These provisions of Christianity for the preservation of vital piety in a long train of generations, and for the full cultivation of all the great domestic interests constitute one of the strongest internal evidences of its truth. That the same God who originally created man in the family state should adapt the gospel to the wants of that state is, in the nature of things, most reasonable. That a covenant between God and believing parents should have an expressive public seal is also reasonable.

The second inquiry respects the Hero of the Poem. Exercising the privilege of poetry, I have sought to introduce a form of human nature which should be adequate to meet the moral exigency of the Poem. A New England family is supposed, which has experienced for many generations the blessings of this covenant. The Patriarch of the last generation lived to see them all truly religious excepting his youngest son. He, for causes assigned in the Poem, breaks away from the restraints of a Christian Home, and commences a wandering life. The covenant still lives, the Patriarch still prays, and the roving son is finally restored. In this the special force of Household Consecration is displayed.

In adapting the Hero to this emergency of our high argument, I have supposed him a youth of strong mind and thorough education, else he could not have borne the shock. I have imagined him of strong passions, else the violence of his movements would have no explanation. I have imagined him possessed of any requisite quality of personal courage as a matter of course. I have given him a well instructed conscience, in order that the whole force of moral influence might be felt. I have represented him as capable of self control, else he would have fallen into the common vices of drunkenness and debauchery. I have supposed him capable of strong social affections. Such is the man—the hero.

He goes forth and passes through a variety of scenes sufficiently out of the ordinary course to be worth narrating, and sufficiently within reach of it to retain their probability, and at the same time calculated to be an adequate occasion for developing the man on the one hand, and the providence of the covenanting God on the other.

Whether I have succeeded in accomplishing the main design the reader must judge. That the plan is feasible in its own nature, and that it has furnished a view of the human mind in a peculiar state, which has scarcely if ever been made the theme of poetry, and yet which is worthy to be such a theme, I think no reader will deny.

If the Poem shall create in the minds of parents a deeper sense of domestic responsibility, and in those of children a stronger impression of their privileges, and thereby render more dear our recollections of the CHRISTIAN HOME, I shall not regret to have written THE SACRED SEAL.

THE SACRED SEAL.

SCENE I.

PARIS—Soliloquy of the Hero upon entering a gambling establishment—His name—Engaged in play—A little too successful—An attempt at Suicide by the one who has lost by him—Sudden movement by our Wanderer—A speech on Suicide—The way it is received—His departure.

I

“ ENCHANTING Paris! to thy gorgeous ‘hells,’
Eager to feel their most absorbing spells,
I rush, and seek in every maddening game
To wreak oblivion on EMILIA’S name.
Dear name! once dearest, now most deeply cursed,
Like fire still burning when the heart has burst.
There! fierce as ever, nay, more awful yet,
Again that memory with my soul has met!
I see thee—hear thee—and again despair;
Oh, curse more keen than that of Cain to bear!
It comes—*still* comes—it clings within my breast;
Give me one hour of peace, of spirit-rest.

Madness and horror ! all my words are vain ;
Still doth thine image, scorned, adored, remain ;
Down, down, ye passions, I defy your pangs,
And every scorpion on my heart that hangs ;
My *heart* ! hurrah ! I have none ; but my purse
Shall know, this night, the better or the worse.
Growl on ye mastiffs, ravening as ye will,
I'll see what vigor may be with me still ;
As yet I am the master of my soul,
Crouch, ye foul passions, to my stern control !
Be still ! What splendors, trembling, shine around,
While beauty floats in each melodious sound ;
Receive me, bathe me in your softest light,
Ye pandemonium palaces of night !”

II

Such were the frantic words of LINCOLN GRAY,
Who, from his father-land had burst away !
Deluded youth ! thou child of love and prayer,
In these saloons, what canst thou do or dare !
I see cold drops upon thy marble brow,
Thy furnace-mind burns deep and reckless now :
Midnight has past and thou art still, oh shame !
Plunged in the depths of that most fearful game,
Which, to the circle round thy table, draws
Those old adepts, familiar with its laws ;
Silence hangs o'er thee, throbbing, as it will,
When awful stakes depend on matchless skill ;

Sometimes all eyes thy purpose strive to see,
And few forget who once look full on thee—
Press on! before thee, O thou wretched child,
I see the trophies of thy triumph piled—
Dark grows the aspect of thy wily foe,
The fiendish oath is muttered, fierce and low—
Still not like thine, his features work or writhe,
Compared to thee, his anguish not a tithe—
He seeks for money, thou dost seek relief
From fire, from burning coals, from deadly grief!
He finds his heaven in wealth and low desires,
He finds a hell when such a hope expires.
But thou, whose knowledge of the true and right
Hath nobler scope, and far diviner light;
Whose conscience, nourished at Siloah's fount,
Was trained to watch on Salem's holy mount;
Thou, in thy heart, canst feel a keener spasm,
Canst know the rending of a deeper chasm
Than he, or many such, could ever know,
In all their dull monotony of wo—
Yet he, or they, with poison or with knife,
Would sooner take their own, or other's life;
It is not much, if brutes have lived or died,
Why then should skeptics shrink from suicide?

III

Hark! is it o'er? Ah! no: his pistol lock
For once, at least, his purpose dared to mock.

Up LINCOLN sprang : “ Infatuate man, withhold ;
O fool, to kill thyself for paltry gold ;
Live on ! shed not thy blood for such as I—
Here, take thy wealth, I will not see thee die.
Now, for thy soul, these halls of sin forsake,
Away, away, nor tempt another stake !
Thou hast no sense of that eternal pain,
Which, when thy life is o’er, shall still remain—
Shall but begin. Wilt thou infuriate leap
In boiling fire, and hope in peace to sleep ?
Depart ! a soul like thine hath not the power
To cope with evil in its stormy hour !”

IV

Such tones of warning in that place of crime,
Abrupt and bold, seemed daring, yea sublime :
Each recreant circle startled, as they smote
The primal conscience with imperious note :
Impatient Avarice gazed with deep alarm ;
Seductive Beauty lost her fatal charm ;
“ Strange man,” they whispered, and a smile of scorn
Dwelt on one aspect, withered and forlorn.
That smile the wanderer spied, and in it read
A heart to all but meanest terror dead ;
That man his fiery eye at once explored,
Nor could the wretch another smile afford ;
Silent he sat, and those who saw him quail,
Cared not the stranger gambler to assail.

Tall, proud, disdainful, o'er that cowering crowd,
Who scarcely dared to speak, or think aloud,
He calmly gazed ; then half in sovereign scorn,
And half in pity, thus began to warn.

V

“ Ye look astonished : then my story hear :
Reckless, resolved, I am as I appear ;
I thought your games might try my skill awhile,
I thought your wealth my days might help beguile ;
But when your want and anguish I behold,
Oh, what to me is all this glittering gold ?
Ye are all wretched ! yet how doubly weak,
The end of pain, by suicide to seek !
Why not endure, and bravely test it all,
Whatever pangs assail or woes befall ;
None but the coward shrinks from any wo
Which earth can yield, or mortal being know ;
And rash, not less than weak, is he that thinks
The future less than that from which he shrinks.
How can he prove it ? who has e'er returned
To tell how fierce the future torment burned !
Ye know me not—my course is all my own :
I speak, to warn you, of my will alone,
But this I *know*, the man who cannot bear
Life's heaviest ills and most profound despair,
Should make no haste those deeper woes to try,
Which in yon world of endless wailing lie.

He turn a gambler ! Ha ! if even now,
One thought of self-destruction scowl thy brow,
Back from THIS hell ; thy soul was never made
To drive this wild, this desolating trade ;
Wade not beyond thy depth, who canst not swim,
Nor court the darkness, if thy sight be dim ;
Strong minds alone the paths of sin should dare,
Strong to perform, and not the less to *bear*,
Lest in some frantic hour they leap, unbid,
Far wilder scenes, and fiercer pains amid."

VI

So spake that stranger : clear, distinct, and stern,
His speech was felt in every heart to burn ;
And on that brow such fearless grandeur shone,
Such sweet persuasion thrilled in every tone ;
Such light was streaming from his fiery eye,
And o'er his form, such grace and majesty,
That struck with vision, voice, and bold appeal,
They moved not, spoke not, could not help but feel—
Yet, when the wretch whose suicidal blow
Had almost sent his soul to realms below,
Seized the declaimer's hand and wept aloud,
Then took his arm, and with him left the crowd ;
There was no eye as yet unmoistened there,
And but one oath—the gambler's only prayer !

SCENE II.

LONDON—The Skeptical Instinct—The Infidel Club—Lincoln Gray—Why is he among infidels?—Skeptical expertness of Gray—Two o'clock—The Mock Sacrament—Convulsive movement of the Wanderer—A speech described Hallucination—An Hour of Terror—Gray's farewell to Skepticism.

I

DARK are the halls where skeptics love to meet,
Far from the public eye, and cheerful street ;
Foes of the day—vile haters of the light—
They choose the screened recesses of the night ;
And there, to prove the living truth untrue,
Search their foul lies and fevered rubbish through ;
Shun the pure streams, in happy vales that flow,
Whose rosy banks with heavenly beauty glow,
Look for the sky, in every stagnant pond,
Hunt in each miry slough, for stars beyond,
For one cool fount, range all Arabia's sand,
And vex each pole, for Eden's fairy land ;
Till cold and famine end the silly strife,
That sought, on cliffs of ice, the Tree of Life.

II

Such was the place, and such the group of shame,
As, fierce with wrath, our weary Wanderer came;
One lonely lamp burned blue and faltering, where
An aged Skeptic filled the central chair;
On either side were gathered hardened men,
Who cursed each holy name—then—cursed again;
While youth, abandoned to the path of crime,
Drank of their cup, and called the dregs sublime;
And Woman, mad with atheistic fire,
Woke, like a syren, her beguiling lyre.
Of late, with these, was LINCOLN often seen,
Reserved, yet graceful, and with haughty mien,
Estranged from God, and wild with passion still,
He sought each old restraining truth to kill—
Resolved, if once the strong foundations broke,
To hurl afar Emmanuel's name and yoke!

III

At length, a welcomed and an honored guest,
He learned to cavil e'en beyond the rest;
Skillful to speak, he brought them needed aid,
And lofty thoughts in honied words arrayed;
Though weak, to him, their sophistries appeared,
He listened,—scorn'd, exulted, hoped, and feared,
Until, disdainful, his gigantic soul
Drew on itself to vindicate the whole;

From Truth's own arsenal, in triumph brought
Fresh stores of stolen and perverted thought,
Till each young skeptic wondered at his lore,
And grey-haired Atheists marveled even more ;
From hour to hour adored his champion speech,
Which taught them wit their books could never teach ;
Down 'mid eternal rocks he seemed to pass,
They crumbled round him, e'en like fragile glass :
His dreadful work roused all their savage glee,
" *There is no God,*" they shouted, "*Man is free !*"

I V

The clock struck one—yea, two—but still enchained
With fierce discourse, that frantic club remained ;
When, drunk with falsehood, reckless and accurs'd,
They dared with mockery to assuage their thirst,
By foulest sacrilege, and holy signs,
Snatched from the cross, where bleeding mercy shines.
Those foes of God the table dared to spread,
Pour the red wine, and break the mimic bread ;
Raised to the throne insulting words of prayer,
And challenged all his anger even there !
" Rise, LINCOLN GRAY !" with one consent they cried,
" We hail thee comrade, and a sage beside ;
We crown thee master, pastor, skeptic-priest !
Rise and officiate at our solemn feast !
Thou shall baptize us ! We will take the oath
Against Jehovah, and Emmanuel both ! "

V

Then flashed almighty truth through all his frame,
Then, o'er his soul resistless horror came ;
Glared his dark eye, upreared his towering form,
And heaved his breast with anger's wildest storm !
Across that room he dashed the scorching bowl,
And gave each feature to the avenging soul !
Erect he rose ; then calmed his boiling blood—
Between these symbols and the wretches stood ;
With sovereign gesture swept the scoffers back,
And then commenced a calm and keen attack ;
With tones subdued, yet fraught with thrilling power,
Chained the false spirit of that startling hour ;
Tore first away *their* cavilings, one by one,
Then crushed the sophist web himself had spun.
Then sacred Truth beheld their sad dismay,
Unchanging Law disclosed his bright array ;
And Mercy watched with gently falling tear,
To see if Hope might yet be hovering near !

VI .

“ These are the crowning proofs,” continued GRAY,
“ Proofs ever strengthening but which ne'er decay ;
Heaven, earth, and ocean, pour their voices out,
Claim your belief, and frown on every doubt !
‘ No God’ ? ‘ No Christ’ ? Is that the impious creed,
Of which your conscious guilt proclaims the need ?

Say, if that creed be false, what stripes are due ?
But oh ! what terrors, if it *could* be true ?
'No God' ! Who then shall guard our final home ?
What arm defend us in the years to come ?
'No Christ' ! Who then shall cleanse our scarlet crimes,
Or lead us ransomed to celestial climes ?
No ! from the caverns of the changeless Past,
From every whispering zephyr, every blast ;
From the deep tokens of the future world,
Where the bright prophet-banner is unfurled ;
From thunder-powers, those giants of the air—
Rings out one warning word, Forbear ! Forbear !
Stamp not undying darkness on the mind,
Nor wrap an orphan's mantle round mankind !"

VII

Scarce had the Wanderer closed his warm appeal,
When the whole group before him seemed to reel ;
A radiant form he spied, or thought he spied,
Waving a wand of fire from side to side !
"Keep your delusions, since ye love them well,"
(Thus from his lips the dreadful mandate fell) ;
"*Be to your minds each lie a seeming fact,*
There is no God—believe, rejoice, and act.
Let all things seem to move, as all things must,
Were there no God to reverence or to trust.
Ye that *desire* none, for one fearful hour
He gives you over to that fiction's power !"

VIII

Oh then, what wailings broke on LINCOLN's ear,
What fierce contortions in that room appear !
“ Help ! help ! ” The earth, before thy scorching fire,
O sovereign sun, doth wither and expire ;
Old ocean boils beneath thy furious rays,
And lands are wrapt in one devouring blaze !
Where shall we fly ? The floods around us roll,
And on each billow leaps a frantic soul !
Tremendous crash ! The solar system, smote
With vengeance, sends its loosened worlds afloat !
Nay, startled suns their distant orbits blend,
And screech in agonies that have no end !
Unnumbered orbs together madly rush ;
Hark ! 'tis the yell of millions whom they crush !
And wailing intellect, in scalding tears,
Weeps o'er the ruin of these glorious spheres !
Weeps ! and then, stunned by these appalling shocks,
Breaks into fury, and exulting—mocks !
Lifts the loud laughter, idiot-like, and then
Moans like a famished orphan babe again !
Or fired, empowered, and racked with boundless rage,
Whole realms of mind in mutual wrath engage,
And struck with many an agonizing pang,
In general spasms, wrenching, writhing, hang.

IX

Such were the features of the Wanderer's dream,
That poured derision on their witless scheme.
Not Daniel standing in the lion's den,
Not whole menageries controlled by men,
Not the weird ghost that wears a blasted form,
Not the dark glory of an Alpine storm,
E'er to the mind such awful visions gave,
As those which LINCOLN saw around him rave.
Moments like ages seemed to pass away,
And hours a whole eternity to stay !
He woke alone—the frightened club had fled,
The dismal lamp its dying radiance shed ;
Chill was the breathing of the piercing morn,
And LINCOLN's heart was weary and forlorn.

SCENE III.

BORODINO—Night of the Battle—The Battle field—Napoleon—The Dying Soldier—Beware—Lincoln Gray—Rough Greeting—Daring Declamation of Gray—Effect on Napoleon.

I

WHERE fair Kalouga, like a generous bride,
Forsakes her name for Moskwa's stronger tide,
Blood-stained Borodino, her gentle height
Bathes mid the soothings of that soft twilight,
Which comes and sings on those bemoaning banks,
The vesper dirge of Russia's martyred ranks,
When the pale sun, who saw the brave expire,
Sinks, chill and shuddering, to his couch of fire!

II

Who walks alone, where recent carnage piled
The strength of armies, mid these ruins wild?
Who reads among these cold uncoffined dead,
The ghastly pavements of his triumph-tread;
Scans each stern face, each glazed and stony eye,
That tells how dearly bought that victory?

Who now, long leaning on that angry tomb,
Feasts on the ancient and the present gloom ;
Still bids even there his cruel purpose burn,
And plans new games for other realms to learn ;
Fancies Europa prostrate to his throne ;
And lists to hear Britannia's dying groan ;
And hopes that yet his name, and that of France,
May shine, all red, where western sunbeams dance ?
Oh foul, fierce offspring of a reckless age,
In whom Lust, Popery, Atheism, rage ;
Congenial triune Incarnation ! reared
From Hell's dark waves, with all their torments seared !
Scourge of the living God ! thine awful crimes
Were vengeance-vials for those guilty times !
Why art thou silent here, where yesterday
Thy voice sent thunder, and thy glance dismay ?

III

He stood beside an old memorial stone ;
Unburied bodies round him ceased to groan ;
Sigh after sigh escaped, as wearied mind
Breathed some low dirge o'er all it left behind.
Solemn and dark had passed the chill midnight :
Hark ! what sad tones upon his heart alight !
One who in childhood's brief, but sunny day,
To him had clung in many a wild affray ;
Had tracked his rising glory, and had kept
His faith unchanging as he soared or crept ;

Now called once more the hero-name aloud,
True to the battle, e'en within his shroud ;
That voice confiding, yet bewildered, fell
Like some deep word, some grey magician's spell,
On that imperial heart which bowed above
The gasping form, with all its early love.
O'er him that soldier felt his monarch lean,
His eye flashed once—his lips—the breath between,
Moved once—'farewell,'—moved yet again—'beware!'
That last strange word—the conqueror trembled there :
He gazed, he called him, but the life was past ;
He listened—all was real death at last !
A dull damp scene, a vision, full of dread,
Beneath the pale star-light was round him spread,
Till thoughts so horrid broke from every ray
That e'en Napoleon quailed and turned away.

IV

But on his path, who now presumes to stand ?
What form before him waves the warning hand ?
A steadfast eye, a look that pierced and grew
Mighty within him as it searched him through ;
That fearful eye, did he e'er meet before ?
That voice ? ah yes, nor wished to meet them more :
That glance of scorn had poured its lightning out,
And shook his spirit mid the battle's shout :
Full well Napoleon knew the Wanderer's power,
That when he claimed he could command the hour.

From him, as from his conscience, fain to flee,
Small care have either, what his wish may be.
How came he here in such a time and spot ?
“Hast thou, in madness, my retirement sought ?
Vile miscreant, vanish ! If upon my path
One moment more—What ! scornest thou the wrath—
Insulting fiend ! my vengeance thou shalt feel ;”
Then flashed with deadly aim the electric steel.
The blow fell not ! The Wanderer’s withering word
Shot by the blade, and palsied as ’twas heard !

V

“ Silence ! proud warrior ; see thy weapon rest,
Poised in its passage on thy strange behest !
So from this night, thy fame and fortune fade,
And triumph mocks thee like thy truant blade :
Let thy lip quiver ! not presume to curl—
Avenging powers their hostile flag unfurl !
No force of millions, no profound intrigue,
Can thwart or conquer that eternal league !
Banish that sneer, I speak not now of kings,
Our rallying trump in fiercer regions rings ;
They have all heard it—the obedient Snow,
The fierce North Wind, the River’s icy flow,
The Cold, the still, resistless, cruel Cold,
The Forests and their Marshes, where, of old,
Haunt maniac Sickneses, that dance to gain
The pride of nations in their dread domain ;

The raging *Fire*—whose Heclean oven throws
Spasms of heat through all the Icelandic snows,
Whose vast Vesuvian furnace madly gave
Strange procreation to the Italian wave,
And monster-bearing Vigor to that Isle
Whose cradle-rock awoke thine infant smile :—
These, all aroused and marshall'd, calmly wait
That awful tempest of out-bursting hate,
Which from that wondrous fellowship is born,
Which matter feels when mind is all forlorn ;
When Nature, like the inward sounding shell,
Hears each imprisoned soul her sorrows tell ;
And all her agencies, with passion fired,
Awake, in folds of sparkling wrath attired.

VI

“ The storm is up ! the signal gun is heard !
With lightning speed the talismanic word,
Vengeance ! careering o’er the world of thought,
Strikes to the wildest den, the darkest spot
Of all the elements which Nature keeps,
Foaming and howling in her heights and deeps.
Lo these, eternal Providence ordains
To build thy prison, and to forge thy chains,
Tornado of the Nations ! Thy wild wrath—
An unchained *Ætna*—in its lava-path
Bled the wide world, as France once learned to bleed,
Beneath the trampling of an Atheist creed.

Foe to all tyrants ! shouting freedom ! France !
These were but shades that round thee led the dance,
While to one goal thy scorching footsteps pressed,
While for one prize yearned all thy stormy breast ;
For this, vain tyrants from their thrones were hurled—
For this, careering Ruin swept the world,
Old Glory's Rock to hail as all thine own,
And Freedom gain—to tyrannize alone !

VII

“ Hark, that keen yell of terror ! Lo, a sign
Is on the heavens ! The nations see it shine.
Behold ! behold ! on all the Russian sky,
'Twill break refulgent on thine anguish'd eye ;
The wrath of mind, immortal, wilful mind,
The great unresting conscience of mankind,
Borne onward—roused by thy career, as when
The Ocean, yearning in its every den,
Heaves, rocks, leaps high, grows ruinous, overwhelms,
As the storm angels hold its thousand helms ;
So on the waves of that tumultuous sea,
Scattered in fragments shall thy glory be ;
O'er Europe's breadth, thy God shall strew thy host,
Then wash thee, wearied, to some lonely coast ;
With flesh and bones, a continent shall pave,
And give the Island-born, an Island grave :
Now pass thee on, the yawning gulf is near,
Thy heart will guide thee and thy path is clear.”

VIII

With haughty bearing LINCOLN stepped aside,
And bade Napoleon pass. That son of Pride
Obeyed the sign, yet turned him with disdain—
“ ‘An Island grave!’ Not all the ocean main
Can boast one island that can hold the bones
Of him whose words are laws, whose toys are thrones!
Whose name, when thine has perished, shall command
The noblest grave in Europe’s brightest land ”
He spake—but GRAY had vanished—and the sound
Moved not the dreary dead that slept around;
Yet, to *his* heart they cried in angry tones,
“ Where shall thine armies leave *their* frozen bones ?”

SCENE IV.

MOSCOW—Lincoln Gray views the burning of Moscow from a deserted palace near the city—Moscow apostrophized by Gray, on the supposition that it was burned by order of Rotopschin, the Russian Governor—The entrance of the Grand Army—Commencement and progress of the flames—Philosophic reflections of Gray on the career of Napoleon—Great distress of Lincoln Gray.

I

“ OH, decked for sacrifice—ordained to fame,
Moscow ! first martyr-city, rise in flame !
And give thine ashes, when the cold winds blow,
To weave an army’s winding-sheet of snow !
Though royal hands and laboring ages reared
Thine ancient towers and temples, still revered ;
Though thrice thy gallant sons restored the whole,
When twice the Tartar burned thee—once the Pole ;
Yet now, thine own Rotopschin dares to read,
In all thy flames, *his* darkly-glorious deed !
And fond adorers light the patriot brand
Which sinks thy pomp, but saves their native land !
Die, then ! That Phœnix-power, forever nigh
When for our country and our God we die,

His own broad wings shall o'er thine embers spread,
And rear a mightier Moscow from their bed!"

II

High on a neighboring, but deserted dome,
A princely noble's once luxurious home,
The Wanderer stood. In all her martyr pride
The crowning city rose on every side.
Each splendid palace hailed the fatal hour;
On every hovel shone the ennobling power;
Each sacred spire its song of glory sung,
And triumph thundered from the Kremlin's tongue!
The haggard forms that rushed from street to street,
With smoke and flame, in many a lurid sheet,
Felt, as if every tower by ages piled,
Loved the red brand, and on their torches smiled!

III

With Victory's haughty march Napoleon comes!
Her dullest pavements madden at his drums.
Why do no lords his proud arrival greet,
To place her keys submissive at his feet?
Lo! these at last twelve chosen paupers bear!
How doth Chagrin assume an ignorant air!
He sees them not, but in his heart of hearts
Russia lies mangled in a thousand parts!
Why falls that noble Pole, nor moves a limb?
A Russian boor mistook the Pole for him!

“ March to the Kremlin ”—see the sullen wrath
Of Moscow lighten ! Slaughter clears the path.

IV

That sacred tower, when gained, abhors the guest :
Day gives no safety, night no quiet rest.
The night is strange—is awful ! From her deep
And throbbing darkness, fierce avengers leap :
Revenge and Hate—yea, love of land and home
Rouse the fire-bearers ! Every house cries “ Come ! ”
Volumes of smoke now here, now there, arise ;
Now sudden flames the aching eye surprise ;
Vain are the Conqueror’s orders—vain the power
Of veteran hosts in this beleaguering hour !
Whirlpools of fire begin, and roar aloud !
The warring winds awake, and round them crowd !
Tornadoes join the rout—strong whirlwinds meet,
And miles of pomp lie melted at their feet !
That burning sea, what giant tempests toss,
Far as the keenest eye can pierce across !
Its boiling billows, and its molten dead,
Like guilty Sodom’s slimy lake are spread !
One vast Gehenna in a world of snow !
Imperial emblem of the lake below !

V

Forced by the flames, behold the Hero fly
Where old Petrowskoi lifts his turrets high !

Yet, ere he fled, one brief command he gave—
“ Ye soldiers, plunder, since ye cannot save !”
Vain monarch ! who shall bear the spoils away,
When cold and famine hold their revelry ?

VI

“ Altar of martial glory !” LINCOLN cried,
As wave with wave its fearful prowess tried ;
“ These are the clouds of incense—this the flame
With which Ambition gilds the conqueror’s name !
Climax of glory thou, whose arm could force
Such splendid sacrifice, to stop thy course ;
E’en *thou* canst rise no higher. Take thy crown,
Content henceforth, with Moscow’s dear renown !
Ax of Jehovah’s anger ! who hath swung
Thy glittering edge o’er many a land and tongue ;
Till shattered thrones and cloven kingdoms tell
How keen the steel, that hewed its way so well ;
He still commands thy crimson edge and helm ;
He shook thee flashing over Russia’s realm,
Shook—but to deal her no severer blow,
Than this which lays her ancient city low.
Mysterious Power ! beneath thy grand design,
To make all lands with truth and beauty shine,
The stormy nations dash like stormy seas,
Proud cities burn, and mighty armies freeze.
What solemn lessons shall Napoleon teach !
What distant ages shall his story reach !

Wild Victory learn her cruel rage to check,
And Empires bend instructed o'er his wreck !

VII

“ Oh ! deep within these vast events, abide
Primeval Truths, which men in vain deride ;
Eternal principles, which at thy seat,
Redeeming God ! in fond allegiance meet.
These, with a might unquenchable and strong,
War through all years, with Falsehood and with Wrong.
Some, onward march with world-subduing force,
Peace in their rear, and freedom in their course ;
Some, crushed, yea, buried by despotic power,
Await from God the disenthraling hour ;
But all around one Name adoring cling,
One final Conqueror, one mutual King.

VIII

“ He comes—that next great Conqueror—whose voice
Shall bid all grades be free, all realms rejoice ;
His hastening chariot lightens as it rolls,
His vital word yon tameless fire controls ;
His voice—which whispered once on Galilee,
When billow called to billow, ‘ hush, ’tis He !’
And thrilled, as meekly on their crest he trod,
In silent worship to the Incarnate God—
Shall bid, in yon bright hour, these Truths arise,
And lift their glorious banner to the skies.

Earth, air, and ocean shall obey his call,
Down to the dust, the towers of Error fall,
And vile Oppression perish in the shock,
When the live thunder rends her castle-rock.
Then shall the human soul with angel-might
Expand, exult, and bathe her wings in light ;
Then shall the Dove that guards the realms of mind,
Shed the sweet dew of goodness on mankind ;
Then shall the world, O Christ ! supremely blest,
In thine embracing kingdom roll and rest.

IX

“ But where, oh where, in that approaching day,
Shall my lone heart wail out its agony ?
Oh, hated Truths !—unchanging Truths—which hold
My heart, rebellious, scorning, yet controlled ;
Deep in life’s secret springs I feel your grasp,
Your points of steel along my conscience rasp !
Where shall I fly ? Depart, ye powers of light !
Give me, oh, give the deepest gloom of night !
Star of my birth, that on me still doth gleam,
Why waste for me, thy mild-reproving beam ?
Why not forsake me, since thou canst not bless,
Why still o’er-power me with that strange distress ?
Oh for that glorious bourne, eternal sleep !
Come, kind Oblivion, come ! and I will steep
My soul in thy sweet waters ! Oh, begone ;
Phantoms, my soul disdains to look upon !

Let the light blaze around me—I will bear
Its fierce reproaches with profound despair ;
He, who in heart the truth of God defies,
Meets that hard, writhing death—that never dies !”

SCENE V.

THE PIRATE ISLAND—A secluded Valley—Lincoln Gray accused—Defence and Defiance—Contest and Escape—A terrible catastrophe.

I

THERE is calm by heavenly zephyrs blest,
When Mercy bids the raging tempest rest,
And on the bosom of the thankful deep,
Leans from the sky and lulls the surge to sleep ;
Wears on her brow that glorious diadem
Which first was lent her by the God of Shem ;
Wafts from her locks ambrosial odors round,
Adorns the foliage and bedews the ground :
A calm like this the yielding sinner feels,
When Christ forgives, when God the Spirit seals.

II

There is a calm before the storm hath risen,
The dreadful stillness of a deadly prison ;
Where pains and bolts alike forbid to fly,
And hideous corpses mid the living lie ;—

A calm, when gathering to the destined hour,
Creeps every agent of avenging power ;
When Justice, throned upon his harness'd car,
Low whispering, counts the guilty from afar ;
And while the hour of doom is yet delayed,
Points the keen shaft, and whets the gleaming blade.
A calm like this, o'er Lisbon once was shed,
What hour her thousands sunk amid the dead :
A calm like this, o'er Sodom's teeming plain,
When Lot reproved, when Abraham prayed in vain :
A calm like this, the hardened sinner feels,
When God, provoked, his endless ruin seals.

III

Far in the Deep, that surly island lay,
Where savage pirates stowed their spoils away ;
Its frowning shores, with rugged rocks embossed,
Repell'd with scorn, the waves that on them toss'd
And one small bay, which only pirates knew,
In silence welcomed its accustomed crew ;
Thence, from the coast a beaten path retired,
Where bloomed a vale, by guardian hills admired ;
And there, accursed, in deep seclusion shone,
A pirate village, to the world unknown.
There lips profane, the liquid ruin quaff'd,
While Folly revell'd and while demons laughed ;
No sacred church announced the sacred day,
But frenzy reign'd in many a fierce affray ;

And there, accused before a furious throng,
Stood LINCOLN GRAY, unterrified and strong.

I V

“The wretch must die,” his fierce accuser said ;
“Wreck’d on our island, naked, almost dead,
We found this vagabond, and mid the strife
Of raging billows, coax’d him back to life :
We made him more than welcome to our shores,
And bade him share in all our growing stores.
Once, it is true, when black Cledomir found
Our secret bay, and girt the entrance round,
This homeless hero brought us great relief,
And we, too grateful, chose him for our chief.
Now mark the man—when first with him we sailed.
Our glorious Rover that hath never quailed,
Soon chased a splendid vessel, nobly fraught
With rarest wealth, from glowing India brought.
Fired with the chase, in all her wonted pride
The Rover leaped along the astonished tide ;
Terror had seized them—loud their vessel groaned—
In one half-hour, their riches we had owned—
Where now was yonder chief, upon whose lip
We looked for ruin for that trembling ship ?
Speechless he stood—we waited for the word,
Vexed to behold the music still deferred.
Dark on his brow, a spell of madness hung,
And pale Remorse, his baby muscles wrung.

His eye with fury blazed, his voice was shrill,
As if a demon wrecked his vengeful will.
'Stand off,' he cried, 'that ship ye shall not harm,
Back to the Isle;' he shouted. Had this arm
Obeyed my summons, never more, e'en then
Had he controll'd the deeds of braver men.
Yet thunder-struck, his mandate we obeyed,
And home we brought him to your peaceful shade.
Here let him die, or if he dare, defend
His sudden madness, and its fatal end."

V

Smothered at first, yet fierce, the murmurs ran;
Then cries of 'death,' came bursting from the clan.
GRAY smiled with scorn serene. His practised eye
Burned darker, mightier, for that bitter cry;
His look severe, disclosed that latent power
Of lordly mind, which makes e'en tigers cower.
A pause ensued—he spoke—and every word
Poured daring meanings o'er that listening herd.
"Friends: It is true no plundered spoils attest
What force defends, what courage fires my breast.
Who saved yon village from Cledomir's ire?
Who taught that tyrant-ruffian to expire?
Who cares e'en now, this good right-arm to dare?
His own red blood shall clot his mangled hair.
Let the foul wretch, from whose envenom'd tongue,
Against your chief such accusations rung;

Whose bloody hand, upon his native shore,
Was stained—is now—with his own father's gore ;
Let him stand forth, the awful charge deny,
Select his comrades, and my wrath defy :
Soon shall he know, and they and all beside,
How this keen blade can lighten when 'tis tried.
See the pale villain tremble ! Thus he quakes,
When o'er his couch that murdered father shakes
Nightly his gory locks. Ye pirates, hear !
My words are frank, without disguise or fear :
When ye, unanimous, proclaimed me chief,
My heart was wrestling with enormous grief ;
Claims of eternal power my soul oppress'd,
And dark Despair reigned sovereign in my breast.
With reckless anguish did I then resolve,
A life like your's, should all my hopes involve.
But when that ship hung trembling on my will,
Those tyrant claims I found were giants still !
Robed like an angel, with celestial light,
My sainted *mother* burst upon my sight.
Back to your Isle I came, and now resign,
This guilty power to other hands than mine ;
Grant me one favor—all I ask—and then
My feet shall never tread these shores again ;
Give me that vessel which my valor tore
From strong Cledomir, on the invaded shore ;
Give me the men though few their number be,
Who scorn all deeds of piracy like me :

These you can spare. For in the trying day,
You look for men, who boldly cast away
All sense of right, all majesty of mind,
All that exalts or overawes mankind.
These you may keep ! But those who yet can feel
The force, the meaning of a just appeal,
Come to my side. One, ten, yea, twenty, hear,
And round the standard of the Truth appear.
These are *my* comrades, *you* can spare them best,
Behold the men ! and grant me my request."

VI

He paused. All gazed in silence ; for the crowd,
Struck by his deeds, scarce dared to think aloud.
" Farewell," he cried, " your silence gives consent,
We leave your island ere the day is spent."
Brief was the parting ; LINCOLN led the way,
Straight to the harbor where the vessel lay.
Roused from their stupor, rose the pirate clan,
And mutual rage and wild uproar began.
" Leave us alive ! no—never ! but their blood
Shall give our soil manure, our vultures food."
Then came the fierce pursuit—the firm retreat—
The last dark struggle when their forces meet.
Then woke in LINCOLN's breast, that awful might
Of long-pent agony,—and fire and light.
Then, like the spasms of electric power,
Then, overwhelming as the lava-shower,

Burst on the foe his boiling, scorching ire,
While round his feet they shudder and expire !

VII

That deep outburst of valor and of strength,
Appall'd the foe, and drove them back at length.
The sails are spread—the vessel on the wave,
Mann'd and commanded by the stern and brave.
Onward they rode the ocean, as it yearned,
On, till the fires of sunrise shone and burn'd.
Back on that lonely Island LINCOLN gazed ;
Far o'er the clamorous billows, as they blazed,
A dull red light had gathered round the shore,
It shook, it vanished, and it rose no more !
The Spirit of the Earthquake, from his caves
Of surly slumber, underneath the waves,
Startled, and shrieked aloud ; before the shock,
That Island's deep foundations wildly rock ;
Till in one frantic, wrathful hour, she roll'd
Down midst the endless gulf that yawn'd of old :
Careering surges foam'd and howl'd along,
Where once her rocks rose impudent and strong.

SCENE VI.

CHANNEL OF MOZAMBIQUE—The storm and the Slaver—An hour before day-break Don Liugo—State of matters in the hold—Story of Loango and Almeda—The deck—Lincoln Gray.

I

“SIX HUNDRED wretches—rather closely stowed!
Well may they say I bring a noble load.
How fast the rascals die: through all the night
I heard them, shrieking, on the waves alight.
Fierce, greedy waves! ye chase our bark along,
As if ye would condemn, yet share the wrong,
When the poor slave, dragged from his stifled den,
With you finds refuge from his fellow-men!
Large sums were mine, if half the wasted bones
Cast to those billowy deeps, with oaths and groans,
Could yet, re-clothed with sinews, flesh and breath,
Find other markets than thine own, O death!
Re-clothed they shall be, in that final day,
When we shall meet a heavier doom than they.

Sebastian ! ho ! awake ! Our cargo thins,
Through these wild nights of tempests and of sins :
How stands the number now ?”

“ Just fifteen less—

That hold is one foul scene of wretchedness :
Bad food, bad water, neither room nor air—
The soul’s stern curse, the laughter of despair :
You know the fiery chieftain ? By his side
We bound the girl that was to be his bride.
She droops a little, but they say he keeps
His food for her, and fans her while she sleeps.”
—“ You mean Loango, whose menacing eye
Speaks, as if all his irons thundered, ‘ Die !’
His heart defies the chain—it must be broke :
Then he will bend more gently to the yoke.
When the glad morn shall greet the swelling tide,
We’ll crush his love, and check his sullen pride.”
“ Captain Liugo ! O’er these boiling seas,
In fiercer days and gloomier nights than these,
Year after year, my hardened hand has fed
These fattened monsters with peculiar bread,
Fresh from our floating oven ! Yet before,
Such weight as now, my spirit never bore.
Slow comes the light, Liugo—let me tell
The tale in which these strange forebodings dwell.

II

“ Far through yon sky, where equatorial plains
Stretch to the base of Afric’s mountain-chains,
Immortal Zeilah, on her golden throne,
Brilliant with love and beauty, reigned alone!
At length there came an Arab guest—a Sheikh,
Whose soul delighted mid the stars to seek
Wide realms of thought and melodies of sound,
Such as in heavenly spheres alone are found;
Versed in all starry science, he believed
There was a spell, which never yet deceived,
Wrought in the motions of the orbs above,
Whose love was order, and whose order love.
For this he sought the vaults of ancient time;
For this he wandered in each varying clime;
Trod the Siberian barriers; on the hills
Of Syria stood exulting; by the rills
Of European mountains held his ear,
If thus, a silent listener, he might hear
Some soft vibration of that wondrous song,
In which the worlds of glory march along.
Struck by the gentleness of Zeilah’s eye,
He laid awhile his dreamy science by,
And found, at last, in calm domestic rest,
A spell as sweet—as mighty, in his breast.
There, by his side the fair Almeda grew,
Learned the wild wisdom which Almanzor knew;

On hoary cliffs, attended by her sire,
Her eagle-genius caught aërial fire,
Enraptured scanned those orbs of grandeur o'er,
And seemed amid their charioteers to soar.

III

“ Such were the scenes Loango oft surveyed,
A prince whom ten submissive tribes obeyed,
When with Almeda, at Almanzor's side,
He read the stars, and won his gentle bride.
One cloudless night, when Zeilah with the rest,
Graced the rude cottage on the mountain's breast,
Far off, serenely pure, Almanzor saw
A star, that owned some yet unfathomed law :
Fired with the sight, he fixed his flashing eye,
Called it by name, as if he sought reply ;
Then, as if all the visions he had nursed
Forth from his lips in heavenly language burst,
He poured such music on the trembling air
As every breeze exulted e'en to bear.
Sudden as death, then burst a savage yell,
Cruel and keen the poisoned arrows fell ;
Then rushing on, the foes, at first unseen,
Smote to the ground Almanzor and the Queen.
Loango fought, Almeda prayed, in vain—
Enough : in yon dark hold, by one strong chain
We have them fast, dependent on our will.
Liugo ! I've no heart to treat them ill !”

“Thy tale, Sebastian, is too long by far,
Thou too art smitten by a frantic star;
What, shall our hearts, so long inured to hear
The wail of others breaking on our ear,
Melt at a story, which but proves the more
Their hearts must break, as others have before?
These princely captives, once subdued, will bring
Sums which will make the prosperous trader sing.
See, that when this impetuous night is fled,
Forth to the deck thy royal friends are led!”

IV

’Twas sad to see the proud Loango lashed,
For fiends to mock the form his fetters gashed;
And still more sad, that gentle girl to see,
Trembling and shrinking ’mid their cruel glee.
Then as Liugo cheered his savage crew,
And laughed as insult to dishonor grew,
Loango wrung his agonizing chain
With strength shot wildly from his maddening brain;
Burned, boiled, endured; until her fainting cry
Struck through each nerve unearthly energy:
Then did he teach his tyrants how to shrink—
Where heads were thickest hurled each severed link—
Rushed to the gangway—bore Almeda there,
And stood, a lion roaring in his lair.
“Down to the hold, my queen! our friends unbind,
Arm them with every weapon thou canst find,

And I will stretch that monster in his gore,
Who dares mock thee, or e'en Loango more."
Down, lightning-like, the freed Almeda sprung,
Ten loosened giants off their fetters flung,
Stood by Loango's side, and there proclaimed
Their hearts unbroke, their vigor all untamed.
The sport, the torture, revelry and wrong,
Had fired Liugo and his crew so long,
That none had marked with what menacing force
A fierce dark vessel bore upon their course,
Until her first unsparing cannonade,
With sudden thunder, sterner music made.

V

Then Don Liugo fixed his daring eye
On the new foe, that drew contemptuous nigh :
"That ship, Sebastian, we can ne'er outrun—
Experienced pirates manage every gun ;
One course is left—gird on the whetted knife,
Board her at once, and grapple, life for life !
Lower down the flag a little—now be still
As Death himself, when he prepares to kill.
Leap when I leap !" Then silence, like a spell,
Clung until broken by Liugo's yell.
The ships had grappled : Don Liugo sprung,
Fierce as the famished wolf, his foes among :
Sebastian followed, and each sabre-stroke
Quenched the red life in sanguinary smoke :

And many a soul was hurried to its God,
While on that stranger deck the slavers trod.
Then, like a wild tornado, LINCOLN rushed
Where round Liugo foaming torrents gushed.
“Shame on thy soul, foul wretch!” Liugo cried:
“Shame to thine own!” avenging GRAY replied:
“Deem me no pirate! yet the pirate’s name
Hath more than thine of grandeur, less of shame!
Know! ’tis the blade of justice smites thee dead.”—
Liugo spoke not, for his quivering head,
Severed by one exterminating blow,
Lisped its galvanic oaths in blood below!

VI

The rest fought madly, and that awful deck
Piled up with bleeding limb and gushing neck.
At length they yielded; and Sebastian died;
Yet beckoned first the victor to his side,
Whispered a tale of sorrow and of dread,
Something of Zeilah and Almeda said;
Then, pointing to Loango, gasped for breath,
And sunk in all the hideousness of death.
The Afric chief on all the strife had gazed,
Hoping, rejoicing, trembling and amazed;
But when the Wanderer marked his noble form,
Gave him his hand, and welcome true and warm,
One gush of confidence—of living love,
Raised his large eyes in thankfulness above,
And one glad shout rang then from that foul hold,
Of Home—of Freedom, that like thunder rolled!

SCENE VII.

I

PETRA—Apostrophe to Idumea—Conscience—Sleep—Dream of the Wanderer
—Waking reflections of Gray—The Wanderer converted.

DARK rocks of Edom! Haunts of sullen Fear!
Land of the curse! wild, wondrous Idumea!
Still rings the wail of Esau, as it rung
When fell the blighting words from Isaac's tongue.
Damp with his wasted tears is each lone glen—
Scathed every rock, as was his spirit then.
Oft o'er these ruins glides his angry form,
Symbol of Wrath's perpetuated storm!
Thronged by his sons, the haughtiest race of earth,
Who drank the curse and dared it from their birth.
They wail together, as in every dome—
In every glen of PETRA, still they roam.
Sire of these hardened tribes of mighty dead,
Thy dreadful pottage smokes for ever red!
Tells of thy glorious birthright, basely sold
For paltry broth—ten thousand worlds of gold!

One rash decision lost that bright estate,
And stamped eternal sorrow on thy fate.

II

Oh, thou deserter of the holiest fanes
Which mercy visits, or which earth contains—
Child of the Sacred Seal! Apostate Mind!
Hope not a refuge from thyself to find!
Go, climb the sternest cliff of Edom's hills,
Creep where the dampness of her tombs distils,
Tread with revering feet each gloomy hall
Where hoary Silence spreads her jealous pall,
Search where the curtains of old ages hang,
Where Terror worshiped, and where Pleasure sang;
Explore each frowning ravine—every cell
Where beggars moaned, where kings were proud to
 dwell:

No place can shield thee! Go where'er thou wilt,
Conscience still lifts the piercing cry of guilt!
Deep, keen, distinct—it whispers dark dismay;
O, grieve thou not that earnest call away!
Hark! lest thy Savior give the fatal sign,
And Esau's dreadful doom be doubly thine!

III

With thoughts of terror and of sin oppressed,
In Khasne's sacred walls GRAY sunk to rest:

Strong cliffs above him leaned their aching brow
On filial columns, which old rocks endow
With self-sustaining vigor ! There he sleeps !
Unwearied watch his guardian angel keeps.
He starts, he smiles, he wonders ! O'er his soul
Mysterious scenes and grander visions roll.

IV

Down from the golden clouds, a Child of light,
On wings of splendid hue and heavenly might,
Sped, like an arrow from the bow of God,
And shouted, fainted, as on earth he trod.
At length, revived, he fixed his joyous eye
On LINCOLN GRAY, who stood astonished by.
“Mortal, rejoice ! My soul is now secure !
Bless'd be the God who taught me to endure
The long, long flight ; and led my weary feet
This world of refuge and of hope to greet.
Far on a flaming sun, whose distant sphere
Hath lovely dwellings, for the Lord is there !
A holy race, to Satan never known,
Worshiped unsinning at Jehovah's throne :
True to his perfect laws their spirits cling,
Hark to his voice, and triumph in their King.
There was my home, until my recreant mind
In one sad moment from his praise declined,
When with a heart of treason I retired,
With vain delights of wild ambition fired !

Then flashed his glance of anger ! Oh, it came,
Scorching my nature like devouring flame.
I sank and quivered where its vengeance fell,
Darting through all my frame the pangs of hell !
I heard one word of mercy—‘ Fly ! ’ it said,
‘ Fly to the world in which Immanuel bled :
Thy crime unknown, this only chance I give—
Haste ! reach it ! touch it ! and thy soul shall live !
One moment more, delaying rebel, waste—
Eternal wo shall seize thee ! Haste ! O haste ! ’

V.

“ Then flashed at once, appalling on my view,
The sword that God’s avenging angel drew !
Alarmed, aroused, I sprang, I sought afar,
With more than lightning speed, a glorious star,
Which in the deep blue ether-ocean smiled,
As if in mercy for a fallen child.
I touched its happy hills ! I asked if there
The Son of God the curse of sin did bear ?
They understood me not. I asked no more—
On through the azure realms, from shore to shore,
Fraught with undying vigor, still I pressed—
Wrath on my rear, and terror in my breast ;
Stars, orbs, harmonious systems oft I met,
Whole caravans of suns that never set,
Traveling in all the greatness of their might,
For everjoyous and for ever bright.

Still, still behind me—on me, fierce and stern,
I felt the breath of living Justice burn.
He knew no grace: but I, with trembling fear,
Prayed, and still hoped my gracious God would hear;
Still felt my strength replenished, as I sprang
Where rolling spheres their songs of worship sang:
Rushing through all their music, like the blast
Of thunderbolts, till Sirius was passed;
Then a kind angel met my eager eye,
Flew by my side, and wondering seemed to vie
With me, as pointing to this distant sphere,
He bade me seek the world of refuge here!
Then heavenly hope through all my spirit ran,
Then rose the anthems of ascending man.
Then ransomed ones, by shining angels borne,
Rose radiant by me to the gates of morn.
On! on! *they* cried, for they discerned my case;
Down, down to yonder world of saving grace.
Close on my soul the strong Avenger pressed,
His two-edged sword gleamed just above my breast.
I turned mine eyes away. Convulsive power
Woke, blent, and crowded ages in an hour.
Till, by the might of agony unknown,
By the dark soul's unutterable groan,
I reached the refuge-world—I touched the sod
Once stained by thee, O bleeding Son of God!"

VI

Thus worked the Wanderer's fancy, as he slept
Where ivies twined, and oleanders crept
O'er the bleak cliffs, that reared their towering head
To guard the tombs of Idumea's dead.
Startled, he woke ! The meaning of his dream
Shone like the sun's irradiating beam.
Subdued, o'erpowered, in humble prayer he bowed,
And the dead listened as he wept aloud :
" Where but to Thee, O Savior, shall I go ?
ROCK OF DEFENCE from everlasting wo !
Thy blood, thy smile, might well repay the flight
My slumbers painted in the lonely night.
Yet these have I rejected ! I, for whom
Thy righteous law proclaims a heavier doom ;
Oh, at thy feet my heart for ever yields,
Thy wrath condemns me, but thy mercy shields !"

VII

Long bowed in humble prayer was LINCOLN GRAY ;
Then raised his streaming eyes to greet the day.
Bright o'er those solemn ruins blazed the sun,
Bright in the Wanderer's soul was heaven begun :
He thrilled with rapture, and the Name he sung
In all the rocks around him found a tongue.
Wild Echo struck the harp of ransomed men,
And glad responses broke from every glen.
With lofty thoughts his soul began to swell,
And bade the regions of the curse farewell !

SCENE VIII.

PALESTINE—Its associations to a young believer—The Wanderer's Hymn—
Interruption—The Apostate—Farewell to Palestine.

I

WHEN Abraham, fired with confidence sublime,
For thee, bright land, forsook his native clime ;
When Moses, humbled by his Maker's rod,
On Nebo's height with meek demeanor trod ;
When the worn pilgrims of a later day,
From distant regions came to muse and pray,
Or clad in burnished steel, the Christian knight
Dared the fierce Moslem to the fatal fight ;
No deeper joy their heaving bosoms filled,
And in their hearts no sweeter music thrilled,
Than what the pardoned soul—the heavenly-born,
Fresh with the dews of Mercy's smiling morn,
Full oft would feel, could she indeed repose
Where Jesus bleeding died, or shining rose ;
Could she but fold her renovated wings,
Where breathed, and sang, and wailed the King of kings !

II

Thus felt the Wanderer, as Judea spread
Her own pure sky of glory o'er his head.
Dear Mount of Olives ! On thy sacred height,
Enraptured GRAY beheld the morning light ;
While Abraham, watching from his lofty seat,
Heard a new voice the land of promise greet—
Greet, as the type of that more glorious land,
Where all the holy seed adoring stand !

III

“ Oh Thou, whose promise like yon rising sun,
Still watches where thy grandest works were done ;
How long shall thine avenging anger blast
The land thy wisdom chose in ages past ;
What though of old her reckless sons forgot
Their fathers' God, for gods that heard them not ;
What though with blinded zeal they dared to slay
The Prince of Peace, and mocked to hear him pray ;
Hath not thy wrath its burning lightnings poured
On all their hearts revered, or pride adored ?
Hath not thy winnowing curse pursued them still,
And clung to every shrine and every hill ?
See, ancient Hermon meekly owns the rod,
And on his dewy harp-strings pleads with God !
Hark ! 'tis sad Jordan rolls his dirge along,
And gentle Kedron moans a pensive song !

There Zion bows her penitential head,
And Salem's tears around her feet are shed !
Oh God ! have mercy on thy chosen land,
Where age on age adored thy holy hand !
Along whose vales thy tender mercies flowed,
And on whose hills celestial chariots glowed !
O Thou, who canst forgive her follies yet—
O Thou, who never canst her faith forget—
God of unchanging plans, and words that live,
Fraught with a glory only Thou canst give,
Here once again let all thy nature shine,
Here stand again, triumphant and divine !”

I V

“ Stop ! stop that prayer !” a voice of fury cried—
A wretch, who, listening madly by his side,
Until his tortured soul could bear no more,
Shot the heart's venom from its blackened core :
Through his white hair his boiling eyeballs flashed,
His teeth beneath his bearded lips he gnashed ;
Eternal malice purpled every look,
And nerved the arm his gnarled staff that shook :
On his hard brow sat seventy years of sin,
And welded deep the chains of hell within ;
He wore the garb of high Arabian rank,
But used the language of the Anglo-Frank.

GRAY knew no fear, but in his searching eye
The tears of pity gathered silently—
“And who art thou, in whom the voice of prayer
Wakes the dread pangs of frenzy and despair?”

V

“No friend of thine, nor of thy God am I;
His love I scorn, his vengeance I defy;
His name I hate, his worshipers despise,
And as his curse descends, my curses rise!
Once, when a daring but a happy child,
On the green mountains of my native wild,
I said ‘Our Father!’ when the morning woke,
And e’er I slept His guardian care bespoke.
Then did my sire a filial temper find,
Then did the pastor greet a reverent mind!
Fly from my thoughts, too well remembered hours!
Hath not Jehovah’s wrath drenched all my powers?
Did I not words of fatal meaning say,
Tread on his claims, and grieve his grace away?
Doth not my heart that frantic hour recall,
When every trembling chord was cut, from all
Which might have linked me to his golden chain?
Oh horror! that cold seal! ’tis here again!
Then, from a land where living Truth displayed
Her form severe, by earnest saints obeyed,

Borne on the wings of winds, I sought the shores
Of realms whose desert rocks my soul adores ;
There, with the wild and solitary form
Of reckless Freedom riding in the storm,
I rose the chief of Haroun's daring clan,
And hailed the Prophet's name my talisman !
Who called on Jesus, me implored in vain ;
Oh ! many a Christian pilgrim have I slain ;
Along my trusty blade my hatred thrilled,
And e'en my sword burned lurid as it killed.
Full many a wealthy caravan I met,
Whose goods enrich my desert palace yet ;
Whose bones lie bleaching on the arid sand,
Whose souls have vanished to the misty land ;
Yet think thou not I scorn all pilgrimage—
Twice in the year I quench my nourished rage ;
When o'er the wastes of uncomputed miles,
The young Spring sprinkles her penurious smiles,
I rush—and climb old Sinai's granite brow,
And curse the Thunderer, as I curse thee now ;
There bid the listening hills and deep ravines
Repeat the voice, and join the awful scenes ;
There shout aloud, while dancing demons quaff
My song as music, and return my laugh !
But sweeter still, when gloomy Winter shrouds
The earth with snow, and heaven with gushing clouds,
On yon proud hill my angry steps repair,
And curse the land of God superbly there !

Curse the dread blood"—He strove to speak in vain,
Wrenched was his face with everlasting pain !
One keen, huge groan, as paralyzed he fell,
Proclaimed how piercing are the flames of hell,
When bursting through, with wrath's red agony,
They teach the world how dark apostates die !

VI

What trembling reverence filled the heart of GRAY,
As wondering shepherds bore the corpse away !
" Oh Thou ! whose sparing mercy lingered still
Round the mad steps of my presumptuous will,
Why was I shielded from Apollyon's snare,
Why sank I not as deeply in despair ?
Thy sovereign grace my song shall ever own,
And lift eternal praises to thy throne.
One parting draft of these bemoaning rills,
One ling'ring view of these imploring hills—
Then, with a yearning heart no more to roam,
I'll haste repenting to my sacred home ;
There on my knees my aged sire implore
To love, and teach me as he did of yore !"

VII

But thou, O sun ! ascend thy path of old ;
March on, while Uriel tunes his harp of gold ;
Send forth that song of wonder, that sweet hymn
Which the melodious stars, when they were dim

With thy exceeding beauty, in grand choir
On Bethlehem poured, with many a living lyre ;
Oh ! pour thine anthems on us, mid the gleams
Of Judah's own wild thunder and pure streams :
Roll on, unveiling all thy stores of light ;
Roll faster on ! pause not ! but in the might
Of all thy Maker's counsels speed thy way,
And wake to bolder notes the Harp of Day !

SCENE IX.

NEW-ENGLAND—The Patriarch—The Power of Faith—Thanksgiving—The Supper—Return of Lincoln Gray.

I

“HARK!” said the watchful Patriarch ; “hath he come ?
Is that his step so long estranged from home ?
Ah no ! and yet how shall I give thee o’er,
To see thy face, and hear thy voice no more ?
Thou, loved and lost, to God wert truly given,
Stamped with his SACRED SEAL and trained for heaven !—
I yet shall see him. Ye perhaps may deem
My yearning dotage, and my hope a dream ;
But ye shall know that man’s regenerate soul
Hath power with God each promise to unroll,
And hail, though storm and darkness intervene,
Some gentle bower—some love-protected scene,
Where Grace, for ever strong, for ever true,
Hath borne our best joys, for the last adieu—
Joys well refined, of which serenely fond,
Once more we drink, then start for worlds beyond !

II

“ Last night, as sleepless on my lonely bed,
I prayed and wept for him—the lost, the dead ;
Forms of the past returned, till one was there
Who seemed to prompt me, and to join the prayer ;
She, the fond mother, whose long vacant seat
Speaks to this circle as they yearly meet ;
Her tears, her tones, her sobs were at my side,
As fresh and thrilling as before she died ;
When oft with me for mutual prayer retired,
Her soul broke forth, with holy faith inspired,
And to the promise of THE COVENANT clung,
For all, for him,—the beautiful and young !

III

“ Hail, holy Memories ! servants of the just,
Immortal daughters of the God we trust !
From world to world with timeless speed ye fly,
When saints below commune with saints on high.
So came, amid the wrestlings of that night,
Thy presence, Anna, with peculiar might ;
Before the throne with thee I seemed to bear
That child again with all the joy of prayer.
I yearned—I TRUSTED—Oh ! it came at length,
Down on my soul that all-prevailing strength,
That purest dew, of love and truth combined—
The smile of God, like sunlight on the mind !

I heard no speech, and yet my faith is strong—
I saw no phantom, yet it can't be long,
Ere to these arms that wild and roving one
Shall rush, a ransomed and a welcome son !”

I V

The Patriarch gazed far up the shaded lane,
His long and earnest look was still in vain ;
Then, with complacent glance, he turned his eye
On that fair group whose hearts were beating high.
They, over-awed—impressed with lofty thought,
Gazed on his form, his inspiration caught.
Believed—why should they not, who long had known
How much he held communion with the Throne.

V

But who were they ? and what were they to him,
That man of giant faith and trembling limb ?
Why came around him thus, and when, and where,
That numerous group, so joyous and so fair ?

V I

There is a land of mountain, rock and glen,
Of schools, and sanctuaries and shrewd men,
Where hearths and hearts have fires forever bright,
And home is home, at morning, noon and night—
Sweet as the fragrance of its summer rose,
Pure as the whiteness of its winter snows,

Fresh as the lilac of its verdant spring,
Around the soul its sacred Sabbaths cling :
There passion, curbed by Puritanic thought,
Breaks forth at last in moral glory wrought,
Triumphs with majesty, where, life for life,
Strength meets oppression in the battle strife ;
Explores with deep research that holy Book,
Amidst whose wonders angels long to look ;
Soars high where pure Imagination reigns,
Or rides with Art through Science' broad domains ;
There the strong cords of household love entwine,
And glad Salvation plants her heavenly vine ;
There comes THANKSGIVING, constant as the year,
Whose step of joy all ranks exult to hear ;
Then round the ancestral mansion they renew
The loves of life, and quaff its nectar-dew ;
Pour smiles of gladness o'er the brow of Age,
And win his blessing, ere he quits the stage :
There Freedom speaks, in Truth's commanding tone,
And God around her altars seals his own !

VII

'Twas there—'twas then ! Ye who have borne a part
In those remembered meetings of the heart,
Amidst New-England's hills and vallies green—
Ye know the land, and can recall the scene ;
Can answer well the question, who were they
That loved the words of him whose locks were gray ;—

Ye know who led him to his ancient seat,
Ye know who joyful gambol'd at his feet ;
What old experienced men, and matrons grave,
To him the endearing name of father gave ;
What younger Josephs, with parental pride,
Led up their Ephraims to the Patriarch's side,
While he, amidst this group, sat full of joy,
Reading in each fond girl and playful boy—
In each dear babe—in every whitening head,
The image of himself—the beauty of the dead.

VIII

Yet was there one whose noble presence graced
That holy scene, from other lineage traced ;
Sole child of that loved Pastor, by whose side
The aged saint his children loved to guide ;
Dark-eyed EMILIA, whose accomplished form,
With genius lighted, and with heart as warm,
Glowed with that ripe, rich lustre, which the close
Of well-spent youth around the lovely throws !
And if, when numbers sued, she turned away,
Did not her heart belong to LINCOLN GRAY ?
And if when he his fond proposals press'd,
She still refused him as she did the rest,
Did she not know 'twas sad to cast her lot
With one whose heart his God regarded not ?
Oh, who can ask a fair and trembling girl
To launch on life's wild, agitated whirl,

With one on whom, however dear the tie,
In life or death her soul can ne'er rely ;
Whose home is prayerless, and whose life abroad
Goes forth unsheltered by the grace of God !
With that deep thrilling gaze which beauty pours,
When the strong soul yields all its dearest stores,
EMILIA fixed her burning eye on him,
That man of giant faith and trembling limb—
Drank the pure radiance of his lofty trust,
Then bade her heart beat—softly,—if it must !

IX

When on three massive tables joined in one,
To spread the feast industrious maids begun,
The Patriarch cried, “ Oh, yet awhile forbear,
Wait till we bow before our God in prayer ;
Once more for LINCOLN let us send above
One pure believing plea, from hearts of love ;
Take thou the sacred Book, my eldest born,
Child of my earliest hopes, my brightest morn ;
Read that dear passage where my fingers rest,
Soiled by my tears but treasured in my breast.
Once did my roving boy, whose feet depart
From life and glory, learn it all by heart,
And oft would on the holy pages gaze—
See, there the print of his young fingers stays !”

X

The group was silent, as the eldest son
The story of the Prodigal begun :—
Sobbing went through the room. The Patriarch bowed ;
And there, before his Savior wept aloud :
At last, composed, his quivering accents fell,
Like genial dew upon the flowery dell.
He thanked his covenant God, whose grace had made
At night his sunshine, and at noon his shade ;
With chastened heart the dismal hour recall'd
When death invaded, and when sin appalled,
And when the promise, which so long had shed
Its light and grace upon his reverend head,
Rose on his soul full-orbed, his voice awoke
In glorious exultations. While he spoke,
(And one sweet voice beside him, said amen)
Silent a stranger entered, and unseen
Knelt on the vacant chair with humble mien ;
And as the Patriarch ended, once again
Broke forth in stronger tone that word, AMEN !
That circle started—from their knees they sprung—
'Twas LINCOLN GRAY that o'er his father hung,
Pour'd his warm tears amidst the whitened hair,
And raptures mingled more than heart could bear !

SCENE X.

MASSACHUSETTS—The Patriarch—The Baptism—The Explanation and Charge—Death of the Patriarch—Address of the Pastor.

I

LAND of the Mayflower ! whose selected shore
Welcomed the hero-saints Atlantis bore ;
Whose forests chanted what the ocean told,
Of wafted treasures richer far than gold ;
Whose rocks record their first free footsteps yet,
Whose soil was by their tears, their life-blood wet ;
To thee, my soul with eager flight returns,
Thrills at thy name, and for thy glory burns !
O champion State ! on whose Achillean frame
Our country rests her past, her future fame,
May Vice shrink from thee, and may Slavery feel
Thy truth-shod, firm, invulnerable heel !
Peace to thy noble heart, and on thy head,
Strength, beauty, gladness be forever shed !

II

Calm as the groves of Paradise above,
When angels sing of Everlasting Love,
Seemed that still chamber, where at closing day,
The Patriarch's lifetime gently ebb'd away.
Around his couch once more his offspring drew,
To soothe each pain, and hear his last adieu,
Strong in the hope that ere his spirit pass'd,
On them his sacred mantle should be cast.
There, too, his aged Pastor still consoled
With holy words the friend he loved of old ;
And there the WANDERER with EMILIA stood,
He strong and wise, she beautiful and good—
Held in his arms a fair and smiling boy,
On whom the dying Patriarch gazed with joy,
While with baptismal water on his brow,
The Pastor sealed the COVENANT and the Vow.

III

Then sat erect the Patriarch in his bed,
And filled with grace and glory, thus he said :
“ Ye sons and daughters of a prayerful race,
Come hear the wonders of celestial grace ;
Attend ! and treasuring what my voice imparts,
Fix it forever in your heart of hearts.

IV

“ Bless'd be the Lord ! He taught my early youth
To fear his name, and trust his saving truth ;

That name my parents triumphed to adore,
As did their fathers ages long before.
Down from those ancient fountains freely ran
The stream that bless'd me till I rose to man ;
Then gave me her, who, gentle as the dove,
Shared in my toils, returning love for love.
Dear, patient Anna ! heir of faith divine,
Which dwelt supreme in her ancestral line !
We from His hand our progeny received—
We in His word implicitly believed,
Assured, that if His right in them we owned,
Whose matchless blood for all their sins atoned :
If for His name we trained each growing mind,
True to his word, and to His will resigned,
Then would His saving grace on them descend,
And they should find Him an Eternal Friend.
For this, with hopes which only parents feel,
We stamped on each Jehovah's SACRED SEAL ;
Gave them to God, and on each infant brow
His claim recorded, and our mutual vow !

V

“ With tender mercy God beheld our care,
Our teachings bless'd, and heard our constant prayer,
Till all but LINCOLN knew the Savior's voice,
And saw their children in His name rejoice !
But this dear son, a wild and wayward youth,
Still grieved the Spirit, and repelled the truth.

‘ Ah why, O God !’ my heart uprose to say,
‘ Chastise thy servant, and thy grace delay ?
Did I not give that darling child to thee ?
Didst thou not take the holy pledge from me ?
Have I not prayed for him, as erst before
For these I prayed, who now thy name adore ?
Oh tell thy trembling servant—hear my prayer,
And if the cause be with me, show me where !’

VI

“ He heard and answered—not in such a way
As I had hoped when thus I strove to pray.
He searched my heart—His eye, omniscient, saw
That heart had varied from his perfect law.
Long had I fondly hoped that ere I died
The Pastor’s daughter would be LINCOLN’s bride ;
But when, obedient to her mother’s word,
His ardent suit she solemnly deferred,
Afraid to trust the dearest pearl of life
To one whose heart with God maintained its strife ;
Then rose my soul against the just decree,
Then, dear EMILIA, censured even thee !
That word—he caught it, and infuriate learn’d
That e’en his father thought him wrongly spurned.
Mad at the truth, he scorned its high control,
Then burst away with peril on his soul !
Oh gloomy day ! my stubborn will rebelled,
My recreant heart with awful anguish swelled—

When lo, offended Heaven in one stern blow
Laid my dear wife, my faithful Anna low!
Closed o'er her form the melancholy grave,
And showed His power to kill, as well as save!
Then, my lone heart His sovereign will revered—
Then, deep and dark my inward guilt appeared;
Day after day the billows o'er me swept,
While at His feet in penitence I wept;
Year after year my yearning prayer could gain
This only answer—'Man! thy God doth reign,
And if thy son the death of sinners die,
He still shall reign in holy sovereignty!'
Lowly I bowed—yet still my prayers I sent
O'er all the earth, where'er the Wanderer went;
All lands, all waters with petitions sowed—
Watched in the sunlight, on the tempest rode,
And strong, yet trembling, to that promise clung,
From which the gladness of my life had sprung,
Until by heavenly help my spirit rose
To that high station of serene repose,
Where, as I sung aloud 'Thy will be done!'
Fond hope responded 'Thou shalt see thy son!'
That voice was true, was glorious. At my side
He stands! and lo, EMILIA is his bride!
And here they bring their infant THEODORE!
O God of faithfulness! I ask no more.
Bind ye, my sons, His covenant to your heart!
'Tis gain to live—'tis glory to depart!"

VII

Pale on his couch the wearied saint reclined,
His frame exhausted by the soaring mind ;
His lingering love-look o'er that circle passed,
More brilliant, soft, and blissful to the last ;
When the dark eye its full expression raised
Aloft to God, and there unchanging gazed—
Gazed, until life its latest struggle met,
Then fixed in joy ! as if the seal that set
Death on the lips, to the same clay had given
The Soul's own smile—the imperial stamp of Heaven !

VIII

Then spoke the reverend Pastor, as he stood,
Tall, mid that group—a holy man of God :
“ Oh favored Flock ! what mercy have ye known,
For whom that saint a guardian angel shone ;
Down to your graves his dying language bear,
Oh, keep that Covenant with unceasing care.
Immortal ones ! awake ! beware ! ye stand
By many a strong indissoluble band
Linked to each other—to all human kind,
Yea, to the whole wide universe of mind !
Linked for eternity ! Your influence good—
On through all years it rolls a joyous flood
Of mingling, brightening waters ! Is it bad—
The flood is endless, but its waves are sad !

For this, Eternal Wisdom formed the plan,
From age to age to plant the race of man,
That from the faithful parents to the child
Might flow these living waters undefiled;
For this, when man his birthright cast aside,
The curse rolled down its universal tide;
For this, when Mercy interposed to save,
God to his saints a holy offspring gave;
For this, when Abram feared his sovereign name,
This gracious Covenant with its promise came,
Celestial gift! It lives from age to age,
Gave birth of old to prophet, saint and sage;
Brought to the world in God's appointed hour
The promised Savior, and the Spirit's power;
And then walked forth in every waiting land,
Strong to endure, and destined to expand;
Down to this day its saving power hath rolled—
On through all ages shall its grace unfold!
In this glad land its sweetest fountains burst,
Its genial life our rising nation nursed;
Its blooming wreath shall every clime adorn,
And crown thy brows, O Resurrection Morn!
Oh then! by all the memories of the past,
While time, or grace, or generations last,
Stand on this rock—while rolling years reveal
The strength and grandeur of the SACRED SEAL !”

NOTES.

“Such were the frantic words of Lincoln Gray.”

Scene I., Sec. 2.

The state of high excitement, bordering almost on derangement, in which the Wanderer appears, has an adequate cause in the rejection of his suit by Emilia, the Pastor's daughter, on account of his irreligion. Those who have a just conception of the vast interests dependent upon the family compact, will readily perceive the necessity of mutual piety in order to their safe attainment and preservation. Hence, the rule has been often laid down, that a believer ought never to marry an unbeliever. A New England pastor, who inculcated this doctrine, was once hardly pressed by an opponent. He had an accomplished daughter, who was impenitent. The antagonist said, “Sir, let us suppose that two young men of equal qualifications in general, should solicit your consent to the hand of your daughter. Suppose one of them were pious and the other were not, would you feel it your duty to refuse your consent to the pious one merely because of his piety? Or would you, choosing for your daughter, advise her to marry the impenitent aspirant rather than the believer?” This was putting a new aspect upon the question. Yet what Christian could feel himself doing right in connecting himself with one who had no regard for true religion. Our heroine chose not to run that risk. Our Hero, being full of pride as well as extravagant passion, rushed from home in the state of mind delineated in the first paragraph of this scene. His love for Emilia was, in the main, pure and lofty, and in the wild desperation which drives him to the gambling room he resolves to shun the low sensuality of drunkenness and debauchery.

“Silence hangs o’er thee, throbbing, as it will.”

Scene I., Sec. 2.

There is something truly terrible in the aspect of a party engaged in deep play. The concentration of intellect and passion

on the result is described to be intolerably powerful, and often terminates, especially in Paris, with the dreadful deed of self-destruction.

“Ye are all wretched—yet how doubly weak,
The end of pain, by suicide to seek !”

Scene I., Sec. 5.

The Wanderer adduces the most powerful argument against suicide which is possible to be brought—the doctrine of future and eternal punishment. It is the connection of life here with our eternal state, that renders it of such immeasurable value, and renders murder so exceedingly criminal. The gospel affords a chance for repentance while life remains, but death, especially when self-inflicted, excludes all possible hope.

“Which taught them wit their books could never teach.”

Scene II., Sec. 3.

It is well known that the most formidable enemies of Christianity are those persons who have become apostates from it after thorough instruction in its truths. Such individuals are rare, but, like traitors to their country, they are the ablest conductors of its foes.

“Those foes of God the table dared to spread.”

Scene II., Sec. 4.

Awful as the idea of a mock sacrament is, I have heard of several instances where it has been dared. A decided Christian of my acquaintance once informed me that he was himself awakened and converted in consequence of participating in such a sacrilege. His name, also, was GRAY.

“Who walks alone where recent carnage piled
The strength of armies mid these ruins wild.”

Scene III., Sec. 2.

It has been frequently stated that Napoleon was in the habit of traversing the field of battle alone after the conflict was over. The views taken of his designs in this and the succeeding scene are, we believe, the established opinions of Christendom at the present day.

“ But on his path who now presumes to stand ?”

Scene III., Sec. 4.

The wildness of the Wanderer seems rather to have increased. From what follows, it appears that he had once joined the standard of the Emperor, probably soon after his flight from country and home. That his re-appearance in such a time and manner should have made some impression on Napoleon is not unnatural, when the superstition of the Emperor is remembered.

“ Yet now, thine own Rotopschin dares to read,
In all thy flames, *his* darkly-glorious deed.”

Scene IV., Sec. 1.

That the burning of Moscow was the work of the Russian Governor is now generally believed. It was one of the sublimest acts and scenes recorded in history.

“ Let the light blaze around me—I will bear
Its fierce reproaches with profound despair.”

Scene IV., Sec. 9.

These lines reveal the deep desolateness of our Hero. He knew too much to be an infidel. He was too proud to *obey* the truth. He had too much self-respect to sink into low vices. It is a state of mind which the mass of mankind will not appreciate. I shall have readers, however, who will comprehend this language.

“ With thoughts of terror and of sin oppressed,
In Khasne’s sacred walls Gray sunk to rest.”

Scene VII., Sec. 3.

The descriptions and pictorial representations of Petra, the ancient capital of Idumea, the country of Esau, have been so widely circulated of late, that the situation of Gray will be easily conceived. His harrowed and agonizing conscience found a congenial fellowship in the surrounding desolation. Khasne was supposed to be the ancient temple of Petra.

“ Here once again let all thy nature shine,
Here stand again, triumphant and divine.”

Scene VIII., Sec. 3.

The writer numbers himself among those who expect the general conversion of the Jews, and, with that event, the re-peopling of Palestine with that wonderful race. Prophecy certainly im-

plies it—so does analogy—so also does the course of Providence give note of preparation.

“I yearned—I trusted—oh, it came at length.”

Scene IX., Sec. 3.

The assurance here intended is widely different from enthusiasm. It arises from a consciousness of having prayed with holy motives and in a proper manner, combined with a strong persuasion of having been thus specially moved to pray for the specific blessing by the Holy Spirit. For the Spirit helpeth our infirmities. In the records of Christian experience many similar instances are recorded.

“There comes Thanksgiving constant as the year.”

Scene IX., Sec. 3.

Nothing is more purely New England in its character than this ancient and delightful institution. Its appointment was one of the earliest acts of the forefathers. Its manner of celebration has varied according to the state of vital piety in the churches. The rapid favor which the day is obtaining at the West and South is grateful to the sons of New England wherever they are scattered.

“Bind ye, my sons, His covenant to your hearts.”

Scene X., Sec. 6.

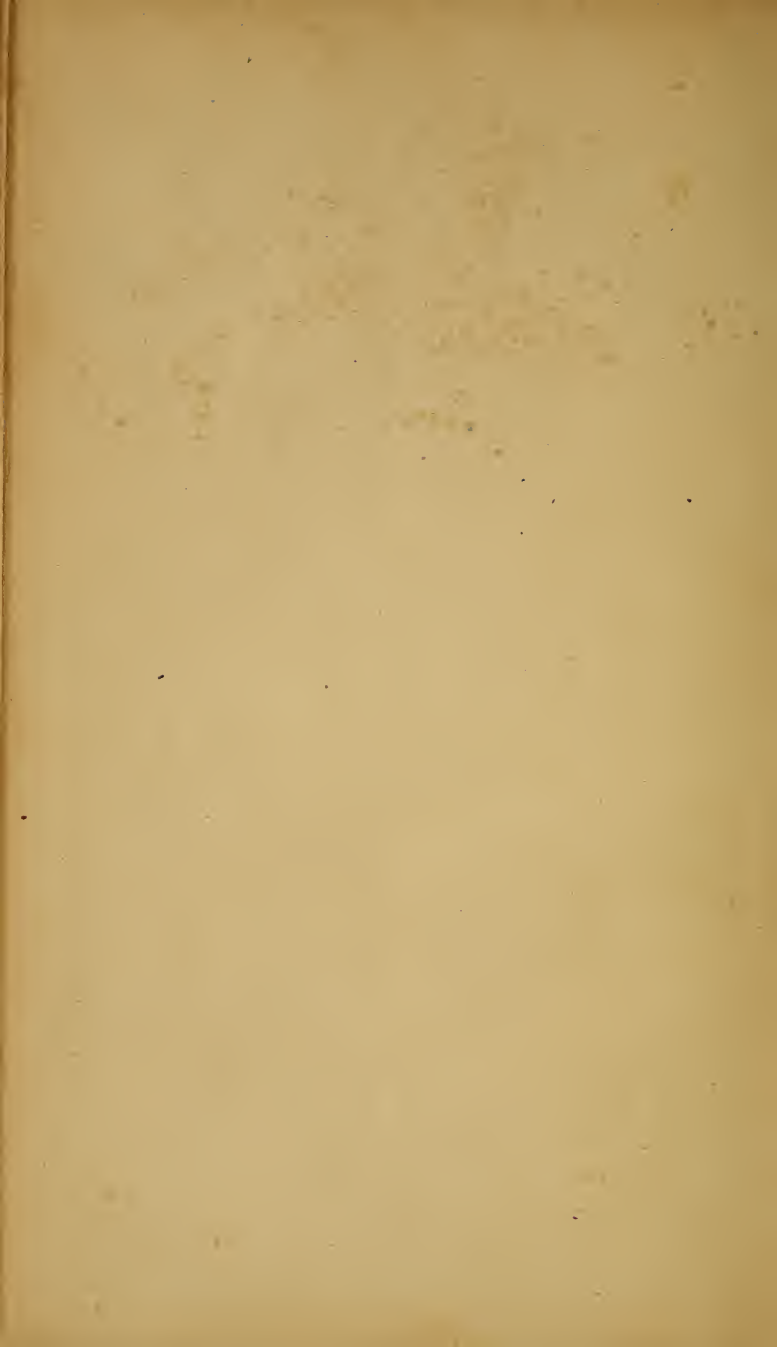
The last two scenes of the Poem explain the nature of those invisible, but effectual influences, which had their origin around the domestic hearth, and which clung to the Wanderer wherever he went. The Patriarch continued to plead the gracious promise. The truth was firmly lodged in the understanding and conscience of the wayward son. The Spirit of all grace was ready to answer prayer and bless the truth. In this event, the nature of the great Household Covenant is exhibited, especially as it is connected with the history of other branches of the family.

It is not difficult to find in New England many families in whole generations in which the power of vital godliness has been thus conspicuous. When the great amount of imperfection and unfaithfulness existing in the best families is remembered, the grace of God in the bestowment of these spiritual blessings is truly astonishing. In the SACRED SEAL these principles of covenanted grace have been, I trust, in some good degree exhibited.





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